Foster's Melodies

No 38.

Farthenia to Ingomar

Song

"Thy way shall be my way_thy fate be mine.
Where thou dost build thy house;there too shall be
My home: the language that sounds on thy lips.
That will I speak: what pleases thee shall be
My joy;and what afflicts thee.that will I
Suffer too with Thee. thine am I,and nothing
Shall part us more."

Written by

WM. H. Mc CARTHY.

Composed by

Steph.n C. Foster.

Author of

Sadly to thine heart appealing. *My loved one and my own &C.&C.*

2 2 GUITAR.

3 PIANO.

NEW YORK

Published by FIRTH, SON & CO. *563 Broadway.*

Pittsburgh.	*Rochester.*	*Buffalo.*	*Cincinnati.*	*San francisco.*
H. KLEBER & BRO.	J. P. SHAW.	SHEPPARD & COTTIER.	C. Y. FONDA.	M. GRAY & CO.

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1853 by Firth, Pond & Co. in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the South.n Dist. of New York.

PARTHENIA TO INGOMAR.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Andante.

Deal with me kind _ _ ly, Cheer my young heart, I'll fol_low thee blind_ly wher_

_ev _ er thou art, Deep in the moun _ _ tain Far from my home I'll

Ent'd according to Act of Congress, AD 1859 by Firth, Pond & Cº in the Clerk's Office of the Dis't Court of the South'n Dis't of N.Y.

fol_low thy path wher_ev_er thou'lt roam. Thy way shall still be mine

My heart shall still be thine ___ Deal with me kind_ _ly,

Cheer my young heart, I'll fol_low thee blind_ly And nev_er de_part.

ritard?

Tempo. *p*

Break not my spir_ _ it, Think of my youth, Cher_ish my ten_der heart,
Though through the de_ _ sert wand_'ring a_ _ far, still to me dear_est one,

Doubt not my truth; Friends may de_sert thee, Sor_rows may come, But
Thou'lt be my star; Sun_light or moon_ _ light o'er us may shine, Yet

still in this soul Thine image will bloom. Thy hopes with thee I'll share,
liv_ing on love, I'll ev_er be thine. Thy hand shall be my guard,

Thy wants shall be my care;— Deal with me kind - ly

Thy voice shall be my word;— Deal with me kind - ly

Cheer my young heart, I'll fol - low thee blind-ly, And nev - er de - part.

Cheer my young heart, I'll fol - low thee blind - ly, And nev - er de - part.

ritard?

Tempo. *p*